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No Poem Today

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and entertainment. My little family of feral friends lived together in harmony and gratitude for the tasty handouts. Ever since the passing of her handsome orange consort "Red" last year, I was able to become closer to Calli. She now eagerly jumped into my lap for treats and stroking, (as long as it was out of doors.) Summer and winter, we would sit in the sun together for a spell each day, and both Calli and her daughter "Jetta" would compete for attention and grooming.

There always remains that unsolved mystery of where Calli goes when she disappears for a few days without any signs or clues ... she just walks away. A few days later she reappears, in fine condition, and resumes her life as the lady of leisure, sunning under the dappled light of the backyard shrubs. Her casual demeanor does little to dispel the anxieties I develop with each passing day that she is gone. I would love to be able to conceal a camera on a collar, and follow her every movement when she leaves on one of these secret journeys. However, when I was a child, I had a cat that wore a collar, and died of strangulation when the collar got caught in a branch of a tree. I have fears about becoming too curious about tracking my wandering cat if she is encumbered by wearing a collar.

I have heard that this pattern of behavior was not too unusual for cats ... the Old Mother Goose nursery rhyme states that the cat was asked "Pussy cat, pussy cat where have you been?" Of course everyone knows that the valiant feline was in London protecting Queen Elizabeth I from a mouse. It was known at that time that the queen was terrified by mice. So, can we all assume that our missing cats are doing some valiant deed, while they are on sabbatical?"

Or, more realistically, was she locked in the neighbor's garage? Or in their pickup truck? Maybe she dined too well down at the community club house dumpster and was recovering from a tummy ache somewhere? Other possibilities? There are a few mean folks

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My heart is in dismay.
My mind has started wondering.
There will be no poem today.

My emotions will not sway.
My feelings are still missing.
There will be no poem today.

The birds that sing won't come my way.
The stars have stopped their sparkling.
There will be no poem today.

The Sun is quickly moving far away.
The Moon is slowly disappearing.
There will be no poem today.

The day and night suspended in time will stay.
The darkness makes me feel like dying.
There will be no poem today.